PULTENEY:

OR, THE

PATRIOT.

A

POEM.

Virtus omni obice major.

By R. DRURY, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed by R. WALKER, for the Author, and sold at the *White Hart*, next *E. Lynn*, Whip-Maker, over-against *Devereux-Court* without *Temple-Bar*.

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To the Honourable

Mrs. *Anna-Maria Pulteney.*

MADAM,

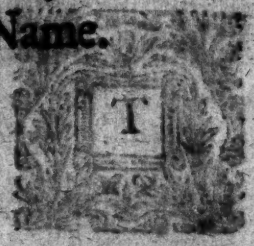
TO your great *Patriot*, and to you unknown,
The Muſe for Refuge to your Wing is flown:
And faintly bluſhes that ſhe cannot raiſe
But an Epitome of *Pult'ney*'s Praiſe.

The daring Subject, and the weak Eſſay,
Perhaps may want of nervous Skill betray:
Yet you, endued with *Roman Portia*'s Charms,
As you receive your *Brutus* to your Arms;
Receive his *Laurels* and his *Honours* ſhare;
Receive what ſpeaks his *Glory* to your Care.

Say that I would his great Deſerts rehearſe;
And ſay that claims you to protect my Verſe.

He ſtrives to make ungenerous *Briton*'s great,
Unworthy Lines are humbled at your Feet.
'Tis he ſupports his Country's ſinking Piles,
The Muſe ſhall raiſe to Honours in your ſmiles.
To praiſe you both—what can the *Poet* leſs,
The *Patriot He*, and *You* the *Patroneſs*.

Let then your moſt devoted Servant claim,
Beneath your Sanction to ſubſcribe his Name.



R. DRURY.

PULTENEY:

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PATRIOT.

SAY oh! my *Muſe*, the glorious *Cauſe* declare,
That *Pult'ney* is become the People's Care:
Pult'ney! who now ſupports the *Publick Good*,
And rates his *Country* dearer than his *Blood*.

LONG has the noble *Patriot* greatly ſtrove
T'aſſert our *Liberties*, and gain'd our Love:

In a full *Senate*, argued on *that Cauſe*;
And merited the *Popular Applauſe*.
By him the *Laws* free from *Corruption* made;
By him we hold the Grandeur of our *Trade*;
By his Example all thoſe *Noble Lords*
Who prize their *Country*, *Privilege* and *King*;
He would deſtroy each ſly deſigning Son;
And makes his *Country*'s Sufferings his own.

THE *Bold* may aid his Monarch with his Sword:
The *Scholar* may his *Tongue* and *Pen* afford:
Each in his Way may honourably ſhine;
But both their Virtues in a *Pult'ney* join!

THE *V----n* may by little Tricks of Art,
Soon play upon his *Maſter*'s eaſy Heart;
Purſue the Dictates of his luſtful Will,
And prompt anointed *Majeſty* to *ill*;
Then blindly lead him to his *Peoples Hate*;
And ſtudy to be *deſolutely Great*!
He may Affections to his *King* pretend,
But only views a *mercenary End*:
Bereft of Honour, ſets the World at Strife;
And envies every *honeſt Man* ---- his *Life*.

PULT NEY!

PULT'NEY! a publick glorious Light purſues;
Pult'ney has no ſiniſter evil Views:
Pult'ney, the darling *Brutus* of the Age,
In Temper *eaſy*, and in Maxims *ſaged*,
Learn'd, *prudent*, *gentle*, *generous* and *brave*,
And only ſtrives to check the *riſing Slave*;
Leſt he in ſpite of *Honeſty* ſhould grow
Proud, and *oppreſs* the gaping Croud below:
He only urges to enforce the Law,
To keep *aſpiring Sycophants* in Awe.
Achilles Proweſs, and *Ulyſſes* Wit,
Are *glorioufly* great in *Pult'ney* met:
Like *Cicero*, his Reaſons *good* and *ſtrong*;
Liberty dwells for ever on his Tongue.
No more let *Rome* proclaim how *Cato* bleeds;
For *Pult'ney* has eclips'd her *Cato*'s Deeds:
Whatever Fame of antient *Romans* tells,
Pult'ney in *Letters* and in *Arms* excels.

BUT what won't *Faction*'s giddy *Leaders* do?
Ev'n *Pult'ney*'s Name is not a Sanction now!
Self-will will never other Acts approve,
And *Envy* ſtrikes the Man ſhe ought to love.

---

* Sedition and Defamation diſplay'd. † A Proper Reply, &c.

BEHOLD a *Book enlarg'd with ſwelling Rage,
There's *Calumny* contain'd in every Page:
The PATRIOT hated for his growing Fame,
And baſely branded with a Traitor's Name.
Hard Fate attendant on ſuch weighty Toils;
So when he Conquers, *others* reap the Spoils!
Th' *Almighty Ruler* ſuch great *Men* adores,
And ſafely guards him with Athenian Pow'rs:
A Spirit ever o'er his Actions ſtands,
To guide the ſure Succeſſes of his Hands:
For when † he clear'd him to the judging World;
Reſentments at the *Hero*'s Life are hurl'd.
Poor, toothleſs *Malice* is too great to hide,
The glitt'ring Steel, the *Glory* muſt decide.
But he, the *Britons* and the *Angels* Care,
Goes to the Field and vindicates him there.

PRESUMPTIOUS *H---y*! by what Faction led,
Could *Malice* gather to ſo great a Head;
That, as a Torrent overcharg'd with Rain,
Beats 'gainſt its Banks, and is repuls'd again:
By new Aſſiſtants ſo unweildy grown,
Would ſpoil *that's* Beauties which ſupports its own.

---

* *Sedition and Defamation diſplay'd.* † *A Proper Reply*, &c.

You

You love your *Country*, and yet vainly ſtrive,
To keep *Contention* and *Diſtruſt* alive:
Anxious for Ills you envious *Minions* court,
And would deſtroy your *Country*'s beſt Support.

SOME raging Frenzy of your Mind poſſeſt,
Nurtur'd the growing Ill within your Breaſt:
Perhaps by *Witchcrafts* Artifices charm'd;
Or by ſome *Party* Prejudices warm'd;
By elevating *Wine* your Senſe ſecur'd;
Or by *Ambition's* fatal Charms allur'd;
You call'd the glorious PATRIOT to the Field;
There with a *ſhameful Sorrow* forc'd to yield.

THINK how ambitious Youths have been undone;
Think on the Fall of heedleſs *Phaeton*:
Proud of the proof *Apollo* was his Sire,
Ruins himſelf, and ſets the World on Fire;
Neglects the Gods Advice, reſolves to go;
Then quenches his *Ambition* in the *Po*.

THINK then how did the impious *Giants* try,
To pull the glorious *Thunderer* from the Sky.
Big of uncommon *Stature*, *Strength* and *Mind*,
Ambition ſuch unheard of Acts deſign'd.

Think then how soon he baffles their Intent,
And brings them to eternal Punishment.
The little *Child* their mighty Arms disdains,
They shook the Earth --- yet cannot break their Chains.

THINK on *Salmoneus*, who so vainly strove,
To emulate the Great Almighty *Jove*.
See, for a while, he's dreaded far Abroad;
Behold how he insults the abject Croud.
See, at the last, his vaunted Pow'r decays;
And he's destroy'd in his own *Lightning's* blaze.

CONSIDER *H—y*, the Example seen
In haughty *Cyrus*, and the *Scythian Queen*:
Boasting himself and his victorious Arms,
He falls a Sacrifice to War's Alarms.

THINK on the *Roman Youth*, who void of Fear,
Without Commission ventur'd on a War:
His Sire would not his great Success regard,
But forfeited his Life for a Reward.

THINK on the *Dauphin*, whose unpractis'd Pride,
Our great *Fifth Harry's* Embassy defy'd:

View the Event of his uſurping Scorn;
And ſee his *Country* for his *Errors* mourn.

THE *Patriot H—y* in a *Pult'ney* own,
And with Reluctance think what you have done:
Believe your *Error*, and confeſs the *Wrong*;
Impute it acted by a Man, that's *Young*,
Unskilful, *Haughty*, *Valiant* too, but *Proud*,
And willing to proclaim thy Fame aloud.
You favour'd *him* who only merits *Hate*,
Sully'd your Honour, to eſpouſe your Fate.

WHAT! was his *Cauſe* ſo feeble, that he fear'd
To meet the *Man*, whom you ſo bravely dar'd:
To meet the *Man* before whoſe Arms you fell;
The *Man* who as he *ſpoke*, has acted *well*!

WHAT! does his *Greatneſs* ſo uneven ſtand,
He dare not truſt his Life upon his Hand!
Some heavy Thing upon his Soul muſt lie,
Who boaſts his *Country's Good*, yet fears to *die*.

HOW wiſely he reſigns that Task to you,
Which his own *Coward Soul's* afraid to do:
Or does he for a while reſerve his Breath,
To meet with a more *honourable Death*.

BUT

BUT to relate your meeting Face to Face,
To brand you with your *Failing* would be baſe:
For the Succeſs of Arms, are only giv'n
By the *ſupreme and juſt Command of Heav'n*:
Or your ill Fortune had not been ſo ſhort;
You could not his *ſuperiour Force* retort.

LET *this* ſuffice it ever will remain
Your *Cauſe* was bad, --- Diſhonourable Stain!
Yet *you ambitious*, (Vanity has Charms!)
Willing to ſhew yourſelf expert in Arms;
Neglect the *Cauſe*, reſolve to raiſe your Name,
To late Poſterity, and future *Fame*.
But in the midſt of all, your Hopes are croſt,
Your *Fame* is ſully'd, and your *Honour* loſt.

SO when *Achilles* for his ſecret Spite,
A while retreated from the *Trojan* fight:
Patroclus young, ambitious, vain and gay,
Paſſes unwillingly in Peace the Day:
Begs of his Friend his Armour, Sword and Spear,
He'd to the Field and find out *Hector* there.
Hector and *He*, in Arms together meet;
And *Hector* lays *Him* grov'ling at his Feet.

BUT ſince from Death's cold icy Hand you're free,
Relent, forget your *Envy*, and agree:
Ceaſe future Quarrels, lay aſide Diſguſt;
And ſheath'd in Friendſhip, let Diſhonour ruſt.
No more in Publick gainſt a *Pultney* brawl,
For Wrongs aton'd for are no Wrongs at all.
So may the World ſee *Britons* can unite,
In Concord live, to do their *Country* right.

IN Peace let *Albion* dwell ſecure from Care;
Or everlaſting Honours crown a War:
Long may the *King* in Joy and Safety live,
And grant more Good than we can well receive.
May *W*——'s *Honeſty* and *Store* encreaſe,
If *Man* can be more *Honeſt* than *He* is!
May *Pultney* ſtill the Nation's Good commend;
And *England* never want a better *Friend*.
May his Supporters ever find him true,
And *He* ne'er meet *worſe Enemies* than *You*!
Th'aſtoniſh'd People ſhall with wonder gaze;
The *Muſe* raiſe Trophies to record his Praiſe.

PULT'NEY, that like the *Phœnix* is but one,
The glorious *Species* is *himſelf* alone:
Unequal'd are the Virtues of *his* Soul;
A Stream of Honour circulates the whole.

Long may he live, our *Liberties* are ſure,
Our *Rich* are courteous to ſupport the Poor.
The *Gods* award the Day, but when't ſhall come
That *Pult'ney*'s Aſhes muſt unto the *Tomb*.
Let in his *Iſſue* ſuch a *Phœnix* riſe,
That may the Virtues of his Father priſe:
Be ever anxious for our *Liberty*;
And, if it's poſſible, more *Great* than *He*.

So Honour ſhall on great *Britannia* wait,
And Plenty ever keep her glorious State.
Unſhaken ſhall the *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* ſtand,
And *Corn* and *Trades* increaſe, enrich the *Land*:
While neighb'ring *Nations* Emulation raiſe,
And *wonder* we enjoy ſuch *Halcyon* Days.

F I N I S.

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Theſe are the Wags that boldly did adventure,
To break as ſoon as make their link'd Indenture;
That Cavil for their Dividend of Praiſe,
And juſtly wear Fools Caps, *yet aim at* Bays.

Written by SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

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To brook no Jeer, nor mock, their Lin'd Indenture;
That Cared for their Dividend of Praise,
And lightly wore Fools Caps, yet aim at Bays.

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